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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

### ABYSSINIA.

The second volume of the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay has just made its appearance; and among several articles of Asiatic curiosity, contains an interesting account of African Abyssinia, addressed to Sir Evan Nepean, by Nathaniel Pearce, an English Seaman, after he had resided there nine years. Pearce was left at his own request in 1805, the period of Lord Valentia's visit to Massowa, and is mentioned by Mr. Salt in 1814, as an active and intelligent person. He persuaded another Englishman, of the name of Coffin, also to settle in Abyssinia; and so late as May 1818, he was at Chailicut, the then capital; and, owing to the jealousy of the Ras or Prince, not at liberty to leave the country. He understood several of the dialects, and had accompanied the natives in their wars and expeditions, as well as enjoyed the fullest opportunities of observing their customs. His narrative is peculiarly valuable, though the style is as rough as his original character in life, and some of his facts are almost too much in the plain-spoken manner of a sailor, for even Philosophical Transactions! We shall avoid the Galley-fire parts, and present our readers with an abridgement of the "Small but true account of the Ways and Manners of the Abyssinians."

There is, however, a preface, from which we must make two extracts. In a letter from Pearce to Mr. Forbes, at Moka, of June 24th 1815, he says—

"The Ras is now ten times more miserly than ever he was, and every thing he sees he craves for; he is greatly afraid of dying, and frets himself very much. He is upwards of eighty years of age, but as nimble as a boy. A curious circumstance has happened since I wrote to you last, of which I give you some small account. You will, perhaps, think of the Abyssinian priests. Goga, governor or king of Igue Garter, turned Christian, and the king of Shoar gave him his daughter; but the Gasmartie Libban being at variance with Goga, would not allow the king of Shoar's daughter to pass through his country. There being no other road, they planned a scheme to get her through

unknown to Libban, which was;—they sent her disguised with the priests and poor that travel about the country from Woldubber to Sarlibeller, &c. After Libban heard that Goga had received his wife from Shoar, he was greatly enraged with the different chiefs of his country; but being informed of the manner the king of Shoar had sent his daughter, he held his peace, being determined to be revenged on the Christian priests. Although he was very ill, he beat the drum in the different markets, in his country, giving notice to all priests and poor travelling people that he was going to give an offering of a thousand bullocks and as many cloths, as a *fellart* or forgiveness for his father Coulassay, and appointed the day they were all to assemble. This news being spread, the poor sort of priests of Gogau, Daut, Walder, Bagamdre, &c. all assembled together on the day appointed. As soon as Libban heard that they were all assembled as he had given orders, he picked out twelve of the greater sort that came from Igue and Shoar as a reserve. He then ordered his horse, which were about ten thousand, to gallop in upon the priests and beggars and destroy every soul; which order being immediately obeyed, every soul soon fell. Not less than eleven hundred were killed in the course of four or five hours. The twelve he had picked out he ordered to be rolled up in cloths waxed all over; and as they lay on the ground, set fire to them at both ends. Libban died ten days after, and his son has got his country."

In 1817, the Ras having died, Abyssinia became a prey to conflicting factions, and pretenders to his succession. Rapine and desolation prevailed, except in the cities and holy places, which are never plundered by the Abyssinians. The towns and cities of Gondar, Addore, Axume, Sarrater, Lalibetter, Antarto, &c., as well as the holy places Woldubber, Tombain, Giddam, &c. therefore afforded safety to those who took refuge in them. But the rest of the country was in a dismal state, and Pearce "describes a battle which was fought between Subbergardis, who he says is the bravest man in Abyssinia, and a chief named Wolder Ralphel.—'Wolder Ralphel marched two days to meet him (Subbergardis); but he was defeated and his army cut to pieces: for about fourteen miles there were so many killed in the retreat, that scarcely two hundred yards throughout the whole distance was clear of a dead body.' After noticing the scene of tumult and disorder which ensued on the victorious army entering Chailicut, he tells us that some of the troops approached his house, 'cutting down the cane doors, and entering like a pack of tired hounds; many of them having suspended

from their arms those barbarous and indecent trophies\* to which he alludes in the body of his paper. 'Nineteen hundred and seventy of these trophies,' he says, 'were thrown down before the conqueror Subbergardis. Pearce, Coffin, and the inmates of the house were saved by the interposition of some Christian soldiers with whom he had been acquainted; but fifty-six of their neighbours were killed before their faces. Soon afterwards another hard battle was fought; and Subbergardis, through some treacherous chiefs, was defeated and taken prisoner; Gabri Michel gave him over to Wolder Ralphel, who sent him in chains to the mountain Arrancer.'"

In his principal communication Pearce paints the Abyssinians as infamous liars, from the highest to the lowest. Their whole lives are divided between feasts and fasts. Their priests are more numerous than in Italy, and more insatiable than in any nation; and both Christians and Mussulmans (the general mass of the population) are more depraved than the Pagan tribes. Of these positions indeed our extracts will afford abundant proof.

Of the falsehood of the Abyssinians we have the following singular illustration in the case of king Itsa Takely Gorges, son of the king Youannis.

"When any one of his subjects may have rebelled or disobeyed his orders, so that he is afraid to remain in his country, he will run either to the Garler, or some other tribe not subject to the king, where he will remain until his friends or acquaintances petition for pardon; for which they take a present of gold, cattle, &c., which they deliver to the king; and after he has received it they in general fall with their faces to the ground, begging pardon for their friend, whom the king promises to forgive. After returning thanks they go home, and in a few days after they go to the king with another present, begging for him to swear that he will not break the promise he has made, as the offender is afraid otherwise to come before him. It being a common thing to swear upon such occasions, the king readily agrees to it, and a priest is sent for on purpose, who brings a cross, on which he swears the king to forgive the offender, and to allow him to come before him as at other times. The petitioners after hearing the oath return many thanks, and return home; appointing a day when they will bring the offender. After they are gone, the king, Takely Gorges, will say to the heads of his household,—'Ser-vants, you see the oath I have taken; I scrape it clean away from my tongue that

\* Unlike the savages of America, these African savages take their scalps not from the head, but from quite a different part of the human frame.—Ed.

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made it: he then puts his tongue out of his mouth and scrapes the oath off with his teeth, and spitting, says, 'When the rebel comes, you will do your duty as I shall order you.'

"On the day appointed the offender is brought before him by the friends who had obtained the pardon: he carries a large stone on his neck as is customary, and bows with his face to the ground: but at the first sight of the offender, Takely Gorges orders the captain of the household servants to put him in chains, pull his eyes out, cut his tongue out, or kill him as he thinks proper; which is immediately obeyed. At the same time the poor sorrowful petitioners will say, 'Your majesty has perhaps forgot the oath you made before us!'—to which he will reply 'No, I have not; but after you were gone, it came strongly into my mind that the crimes he had committed were unpardonable; and before ever I had eaten or drunk, I scraped the oath off my tongue that made it, before all the people of my household!' Those oaths of Ita Takely Gorges at last made all his subjects rebel against him, and obliged him to fly to Waldubber, and quit his throne."

The account of the *Christian* church and its clergy, too strongly justifies the reproaches thrown out against the priests:

"All the Abyssinians (says our authority) have a father confessor; and I myself am obliged to have, or pretend to have, one of those holy fathers, or else it would not be allowed that I were a Christian; and perhaps create many enemies that would disturb my dwelling. It is a very unprofitable thing to fall out with those priests, as every thing is in their hands; the whole country of Abyssinia is over-run with them; the very smallest church, that is not larger than a small sheep-pen, (that would not hold more than fifty sheep,) built with mud and stone, and thatched over with canes and dry grass, has from fifteen to twenty of those impostors, who devour all the fruits of the poor labouring country people. The larger sort of churches have from fifty to one hundred: Axum, Larlaheller, &c. have some thousands. Waldubber is the most famous for them, where the wretches pretend, that being holy men they ride upon lions which God has provided for them, as horses! The whole of the Abyssinians are foolish enough to believe these Waldubber priests; who often come from the Desert to the towns, where they tell millions of lies, not only for the sake of gain, but to make the poor ignorant inhabitants believe that they serve God in the holy desert of Waldubber, where he visits them, and gives them the power of living many days without food, and the power to forgive the sins of the wicked. The inhabitants of both the towns and country look upon those impostors as saints, and kiss their hands and feet when they meet them."

They pretend to cure the sick by means of charms, and administer the holy sacrament in this way. The persons who take it approach in succession; "he who is first to be served comes near to the two priests who stand before the altar in the middle of the church, and who are dressed in their holy clothes;

the one holds a large cross in his right hand and a book in his left; the other holds a large bowl or dish with a spoon: he who comes near first, bows to the ground, and then arises and kisses the cross and puts it three times to his forehead and mouth, while the priest who holds it reads the book; he then opens his mouth, and the other priest puts a spoonful in twice; he then bows and runs out of the church holding his hand to his mouth, and will neither spit nor speak until sun-set. They so go on in turns until they are all served; and there is no respect to persons, as any one may come and no one asks him who he is or where he comes from. The sacrament is a mixture of dried grapes and wheat flour, pounded and mixed with water to the consistence of paste."

Females who swear to lead a life of celibacy are allowed to turn priests. The Virgin Mary appears to be more worshipped than the Almighty; and two saints called Abbargarver and Owner-takely-hi-ma-nute, are strictly venerated: Polygamy is permitted to any extent; and wives are turned away with as much facility as they are taken: When the parties are of equal rank, the marriage is performed before witnesses: in other instances the bride is purchased almost like a slave, by a present of the value of a few dollars.

"If any man (says Pearce) wishes to marry a girl he may take a liking to, he gives a *drube* and a *firgy*. The *drube* is a large cloth of that name, purchased from four to five dollars; the *firgy* is a small common cloth, which goes at a dollar; this is to make her a shirt, and the *drube* a dress over it. Those cloths are given into the hands of the father or mother, who deliver up their child as if purchased like a slave; nor, should the man who marries her be sixty or seventy years of age, and the child only eight, is any thing thought of the unequateness of the match. I have known several to be given to men of that age, that have been born since I have been in the country, which is not yet ten years. Some girls have children at thirteen and fourteen years of age." All the girls in Abyssinia are married as soon as possible.

Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Abyssinia are of many tribes and religions; and they are also of all colours excepting white; though there are a few very near white in the Ammerer and Tegri, and other Christian provinces. There are some very black, some fair, and some of a copper hue. "Although they are Christians (we quote our seaman's own characteristic words) they are in some ways like Jews, and some ways like savages. For why they are like Jews is, they keep holy the Saturday as well as the Sunday, both equal alike; they also keep the three days fast of Nineveh, which they call the fast of Annernoi, or Jonah the prophet; and have a holiday yearly for Abraham and Sarah. And for why they are like savages, they eat the flesh of an animal before it is dead; although they do not drink the blood like the Garler, they eat the flesh while the blood is still warm in the veins; and although they detest any one who drinks blood like the

Garler, or makes use of it in any way, they do not consider their eating it in the veins with the flesh to be any sin; but they say that those who drink blood, or make any kind of food with it, can never be forgiven by God."

This, by the by, and what follows, confirms Bruce's much disputed account of their eating the flesh of animals yet alive.

"The priests of their separate parishes have a great feast at the end of every fast; they all meet in the forenoon, after taking and administering the body and blood of Christ to those who come to the church for that purpose: they afterwards go to the house of the head priest, where they sit down according to their rank in the church: they then kill one or two cows, according to their number, close to the door, and before the animal has done kicking, and the blood still running from its throat, the skin is nearly off on one side, and the prime flesh cut off and with all haste held before the elders or heads of the church, who cut about 2 or 3 lbs. each; and eat it with such greediness, that those who did not know them would think they were starved; but they at all times prefer the raw meat to any cooked victuals. After they have finished their *brindo*, as they call it, they take a little of the fattest parts of the cow just warmed on the fire, to settle their stomachs, and then one or two large horns full of *snior*, or beer, which is very strong, and made of several sorts of corn. They then have the table brought in and covered with bread and cooked victuals, where those that are not satisfied with the raw meat, eat until they are of the cooked.

"Afterwards the lower class of priests and deacons are called in, and the raw meat or *brindo* is laid upon the bread, of which they cut and eat with as much eagerness (although it is as cold as clay) as their betters did when it was quite hot. After they are satisfied, the third class are called in, and so on in turns, until they devour all the bread and victuals; more like a pack of hounds than people of any desorption. When all is cleared away, the greater and middling rank begin to drink maize until they begin to sing psalms or hymns, and at last get so intoxicated that they at times quarrel and entirely lose their senses."

Their funerals are a grand burlesque on the great portion of more civilized nations, who hire mourners and mourning coaches; and on individuals (of whom not one of our readers requires examples to be pointed out) who, busied too much in the world to heed those who slip out of it, very soon forget the dead, and the lesson of their dying, to ply, with assiduity worthy of an eternal attainment, those means which may place them for an hour in the perhaps envied station of the clod they seem to mourn. The Abyssinians, our honest seaman tells us, "have great crying and yowling for the dead for many days, and appoint a particular day for a general cry, which ends their crying. Afterwards on this day all relations and acquaintances far and near assemble together upon a plain spot of ground, as near the house of the deceased as possible, where a cradle is



placed covered with silk, and two large pillows on each side of the cradle: something in the representation of a corpse covered with a cloth is placed in the middle of the cradle. If a very great person, or relation to the king, they in general make his effigy, which they place upon a mule, with a saddle, bridle and saddle-cloth ornamented with gold and silver; all his household servants run round the cradle, some before and some behind the mule, according to their stations when he was alive, crying, yowling, and firing their matchlocks, and tearing the skin off their temples and forehead, until the blood runs down their neck. In the front of the cradle the carpets of the deceased are spread, and covered with the riches of his house, gold and silver, ornamented dresses, silver-mounted swords, bottles, glasses, &c. to show the public what a wealthy person he or she was. All who come to cry sit down in front in two parties, the men on the right and the women on the left: their heads are all shaved, and their temples and foreheads torn in such a manner as would frighten any one who was not acquainted with them. The relations then stand up one by one, in their turns, with a servant on each side of them to keep them from falling—as they pretend to be so weak with sorrow—and begin, while all the others are silent and listening to him or her, to praise the beauty and riches of the deceased, and what acts he had done when alive; that when on horseback he was like St. George, and on foot like the angel Michael, and a great deal of other nonsense: after ending their speech in a very sorrowful tone, they all at once make a loud bellow and tear their temples. After the cry is over, they all go into a large house like a barn, where they eat and drink until they turn their sorrow into merriment and quarrelling.

"The Abyssinians have so many children and relations on account of their having so many women, that it is sometimes hard to tell which has most right to the property left; so in order to make the king or chief who has to settle the affair, favourable on their side, they tear their face all over, and sometimes one of them chains a servant on each side of himself, hand to hand, to make people believe that he wanted to stab himself through despair, at the same time he has some of the chief's household servants bribed: so when the whole of the relations come before the chief on the day appointed, he who has chained himself will stand among the rest without saying a word for himself, and pretend to be quite melancholy, while the others are disputing. Those who are bribed, find an opportunity of pointing out to their master the melancholy aspect of the one in chains, and tell him at the same time that they were certainly present at the time that he would have stabbed himself if he had not been hindered by some people who knew of his grief, and, to prevent him from killing himself, had chained a man to each of his arms: the chief, upon hearing the story, in general takes pity and gives him the greater share, although he is perhaps the most distant relation among them. I know many great men in Abyssinia to have from forty

to fifty children, and all by different mothers, and in general most of them from different provinces; so they oftentimes do not know which son or daughter was born first, as they keep no time; nor does even the king or priest of Abyssinia know his own age."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Three Months passed in the Mountains East of Rome, during the year 1819.

By Maria Graham, Author of a Journal of a Residence in India. London, 1820. 8vo: pp. 305.

The most novel and interesting part of this book relates to the Italian Banditti, whose arrival and exploits in the vicinity of Poli, where the author and her friends resided, are particularly described. The rest of the volume is a pleasing enough account of the country; but in this the writer falls into the very error which her preface reprehends, namely that of repeating what former travellers have told the public respecting Italy. We are really tired of the oft told tales of the same places, the same antiquities, the same pictures, and the same churches. Our readers, participating in this feeling, will the more readily pardon us for getting among the robbers at once; and thus we introduce them.

"The banditti or forsciti of Italy are what the forest outlaws of England were in the days of Robin Hood. They are not of the poorest or vilest of the inhabitants. They generally possess a little field and a house, whither they retire at certain seasons, and only take the field when the hopes of plunder allure them, or the fear of a stronger arm drives them to the woods and rocks. They live under various chiefs, who, while their reign lasts, are absolute; but as they are freely chosen, they are freely deposed, or sometimes murdered, if they offend their subjects. To be admitted into the ranks of the regular banditti, a severe apprenticeship to all kinds of hardship is required. The address and energy displayed by these men, under a better government, might conduce to the happiest effects. But here the fire burns not to warm, but to destroy."

Among these amiable gentry, though not into their hands, it was the lot of our country-folks to be thrown, when to avoid the heat of Rome, they went to the mountainous district of Poli, in the Autumn of last year. Mrs. Graham relates the adventures of the German Painter, whose own story was translated into the Literary Gazette, about 12 months ago, and then proceeds to other events of even a more tragical character. The ruffians were among the companions of *De Cesaris*, the *Dicearius* of Mr. Kelsall, (see our Numbers 183, 184), who was shot near Terracina, soon after the period to which that gentleman alludes. This Brigand was famous in his day.

"He (says Mrs. Graham) carried paper,

pens, and ink, in a case in his shoulder belt; and, besides the Madonna, he had a crystal hung to his neck, with which "he took the light out of men's eyes," and thus easily overcame them. It was curious to find this humble copy of Rogero's enchanted mirror among the mountain shepherds; but, like all uncivilized people, they believe in enchantments, and most of them regarded *De Cesaris* as no mean wizard. In fact, he and many of his companions were men of some education and natural understanding. While their grosser fellows were gambling and dancing, they amused themselves with books; on this occasion, one of them read aloud from some old romance in rhyme, the others sitting round and laughing, or attending seriously, as the nature of the subject was grave or gay; thus the night passed."

Just before the banditti came to the neighbourhood of Poli, there appeared there a gang of gypsies, evidently in connection with them, and their avant-couriers. Immediately after the alarm was given that a party of the robbers occupied the mountains. Their first achievement was to seize two lads whom they quickly released, and though only thirteen in number, the whole country was soon in a state of confusion and terror. Troops, police, and armed citizens scoured the land in vain expeditions; the robbers helped themselves to provisions, and did not decamp till they had levied contributions as the ransom of prisoners taken.

"They talked pretty freely with their prisoners about themselves and their habits of life, which they maintained arose from necessity rather than choice. They showed them the heart and picture of the Madonna, which each had suspended from his neck, saying, 'We know that we are likely to die a violent death, but in our hour of need we have these,' touching their muskets, to struggle for our lives with, and this,' kissing the image of the Virgin, 'to make our death easy.' This mixture of ferocity and superstition is one of the most terrific features in the character of the banditti of Italy. Nor is it confined to them only: when a man who has led a bad life begins to feel remorse of conscience, and to despair of pardon hereafter, the vulgar belief that a death on the scaffold, where the priest attends to whisper absolution into the ear of the culprit, as the axe descends, is a sure road to Heaven, has been known to induce the poor wretch to commit some heinous crime, that he may gain that happiness, by a violent and disgraceful death, which he fears he has forfeited by a sinful life. If it were possible, might it not be politic to deprive murderers, at least of absolution at the point of death?"

Did it not occur to the writer that our own sectaries carry their faith-doctrines to just as great a length, and that the most common ending of our capital criminals "is in the full assurance of being among the elect?" But to return to the foreign banditti. A surgeon named Cherubini, of Castel-Madama (near Tivoli) was their principal captive, and he gives a very curious account of their savage life. The man who carried up his ransom, "was an old grey

headed peasant, and was taken early on the same day with the surgeon. His spirit and good humour pleased the robbers, and, as it afterwards appeared, was of service to the poor son of Esculapius. They chose this old man to convey his letter, begging ransom might be sent; and, as he left them, he said, '*Figli miei*, (my sons,) be good to this man, for he is a good man, and deserves it.' They promised they would, and said, 'Since you call us sons, you shall be tata' (daddy); and afterwards, when he returned from his first message, and found them eating some fresh mutton, which, on account of his want of teeth, he could not chew, they said, 'Wait a little, and we will have something for tata also;' upon which the chief sliced some liver and kidney, and, spitting it on a ramrod, roasted it for him.

"A goatherd, who had once been kept forcibly with a party of banditti, told us, that one of their chiefs had formerly been an acquaintance of his. This man had accidentally committed homicide, and, afraid of the consequences, had fled to Conca, in the kingdom of Naples, from the states of the church. There, being without a passport, he was taken up and imprisoned; but, by the grace of the Virgin, and of Saint John Baptist, he had escaped to the woods: there, after wandering a month, and being almost starved, he met the banditti, who invited him to join them. To this he, nothing loth, consented, when, to try his manhood, they gave him a piece of flesh roasted to eat, telling him it was part of a Christian's heart. 'It might have been two hearts,' said the ruffian; 'but I would have eaten it.' He had to perform a noviciate of two years, hewing wood, drawing water, and performing other menial offices; but, a year ago, he figured as the chief of a party among them.

"The last is a pretty fair specimen of the stories told and believed of the origin of most of the principal outlaws. Every day, while we remained at Tivoli, brought some new particulars concerning their marches. It was ascertained, that the whole number amounted to about one hundred and forty, divided into companies, not exceeding twenty in each, for the sake of more easy subsistence. The head quarters appeared to be at Rio Freddo, and in the woods of Subiaco. Their spies, and those who bought provisions for them, were lavishly paid, and the instances of any information being given against them were very rare. On one occasion, however, they had seized a ploughman belonging to Rio Freddo, and, after beating him, they had sent him to his house to fetch a few dollars, as the price of his future security while at work. On his way, he met the hunters belonging to Subiaco, and gave them notice of the situation of the robbers. They desired him to fetch his money, and go to the appointed place with it, and if he found them still there, to leave a mark at a particular tree. Meantime they took measures for surrounding the lair, and having done so, waited patiently till the poor man had paid his money and made the mark agreed on; and this they were more careful to do, as, had the brigands suspected he had

given information, they would certainly have put him to death. As soon as he was safe, the hunters drew close round the enemy, who were seven in number, and fired: two were killed on the spot, and the five others, of whom one was found dead of his wounds near the place next day, left their fire-arms, and concealed themselves in the thicket of Arcinuzzo, between Rio Freddo and Subiaco."

As for the Surgeon himself, he tells, that on the morning of the 17th of August, "the factor of the Cavaliere Settimio Bischi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house, with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance as a surgeon being necessary, both to Signor Gregorio Celestini and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account, I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback, accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli."

On their road they were surrounded and captured by the banditti, who ordered them to march towards San Gregorio. It seems, the poor son of Galen was mistaken for a greater man, the Vice Prince of Castel Madama, who had passed the same road only a few hours before him. But better small fish than none, says the proverb. The brigands plundered the apothecary as if he had been a Prince. He says "one took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met, at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey."

They were led to the top of the hills, and the account proceeds.

"The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands; showed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed me, that I was betrayed by him.

"The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet-case by me, said that he had reflected on my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that same stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that the presence of thirteen assassins, and the fear of death, could inspire. While I was writing, he sent two of his men to take a man, who was plowing, a little lower down: he belonged to San Gregorio; but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the

flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they came, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted, as a token."

An alarm causes them to move, and the narrative goes on.—"After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but as he still delayed, the chief came to me, and said, that perhaps it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very party, who entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death.

"However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking about carelessly among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures; but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him, so he arose and cried, 'I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life,' and thus saying he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him: a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into its sheath; then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words: 'Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; such as you are not sbirri; then, he was of no use among us.' He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca."

The messengers at length return. "As soon as they were recognized, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains, with the weight of 500 scudi about me, should be obliged to pro-



trate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money: it was all that could be got together in the town." Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them to me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding the number exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

"The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get any thing, released them all at this spot. I, therefore, with the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoner; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked, why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief answered, that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama; and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw, who gave me his arm during our rocky journey."

We do not copy the details of their night marching, and rough mode of feeding on sheep which they killed, and resting on the ground. The messenger not returning speedily from Castel Madama, the chief ordered his prisoner to write another letter, in which his friends were told that if 800 crowns were not sent on the following day, he would be put to death or carried to the woods of Fajola.

"I consequently (says he) wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also, by word of mouth, that if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire they might be sent to Tivoli, and sold for whatever they would fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with the letter to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but he, with his usual coolness, said, that it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during the night, on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheep-cote all night, and set out at day-light—"But, take notice," said he, "if you do not return at the

twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, with the eight hundred crowns, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit." The peasant tried to persuade them that, perhaps, it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief answered, that they had no time to waste, and that, if he had not returned next day, by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini."

The poor doctor was almost dead with fear, but became somewhat reassured on one of the brigands telling him, that though the sum might fall short of the demand, he should be set at liberty. After another movement, the narrative continues.

"When we again reached the thicket, and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep. I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great-coat; and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two centinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the centinels came, and gave notice of day-break. 'Come again, when it is lighter,' said the chief; and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and, in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect on me. I started, and said, 'What bird was that?' They answered, 'A hawk.' 'Thank God,' I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings, I cannot forget the stinging and humming of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but, after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose, and walked on for about an hour." Another halt and rest ensued. "While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour, they all arose, and filed off, one by one, to a higher station, leaving a single centinel to guard me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some new resolution about my life, and that the new centinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution: but he very soon said to me, 'Be cheerful, for to-night you will be at home; which gave me some comfort.'

Thus the day passed. At its close, a ransom of 600 crowns and a few shirts were brought, and Cherubini was relieved from his anxiety and sufferings, and reached home in safety from the clutches of these "thieves of mercy." But "the body of poor Bartolomeo Marasca was found at the gate of San Gregorio, with twenty wounds inflicted

with knives. The brigands, emboldened by success, seemed determined to press closer round the hill-towns. None of the principal inhabitants ventured without the walls, and even the work-people were robbed of their ornaments and their little savings."

In consequence of this, our countryfolks moved to Tivoli (where consternation prevailed as much as at Poli), and thence to Rome. We may just notice, that one of the most ferocious of the band had the "collar of the Madonna delle Carmine round his neck, and said, 'Suffer patiently, for the love of God;'" and that the second chief took the subjoined view of their political situation.

He said, "that government would never succeed in putting them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks, without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them, were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses, without fear of treachery; but, otherwise, they would not trust to nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded any thing with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows."

#### AIKIN'S BRITISH POETS.\*

We are certainly not going to enter upon a detailed analysis of, or an elaborate critique on, the multifarious contents of this volume. The former our limits will not allow; and the latter would be little short of a piece of impertinence. Yet, on various accounts, we wish to introduce to our readers a collection of poems, which we think is not only highly creditable to its compiler, but has been, in our view, long a desideratum in this publishing era.

It is by no means our purpose to attract attention to this volume by invidious comments on the numberless tomes, of all sizes and prices, which, under the titles of "Specimens," "Beauties," "Selections," "Elegant Extracts," &c. have rendered much of its contents familiar to the great body of lovers of English poetry. Many of these display great taste and judgment; and the more unpretending among them have plac-

\* Select Works of the British Poets. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces, by Dr. Aikin. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 807. Double column

ed within the reach of ordinary readers, in one form or other, most of the poems here collected: but we certainly know of no single volume of poetry containing so much of what is valuable, with so little of what is worthless: so compendious, and yet so comprehensive. We would not hazard the assertion, that all the poetry worthy of preservation, from Ben Jonson to Dr. Beattie, is to be found in these pages: the title of the volume implies *selection*; but we think the selection has been, on the whole, most judiciously made; and, if we now and then feel disposed to find fault with the absence of some favourite, the impossibility of including *all*, is in itself an apology.

The only volume directly challenging comparison with the one before us, perhaps, is the "Elegant Extracts;" and the plan of the two works is so totally unlike, that we think no comparison can be fairly instituted. The latter is, confessedly, a compilation of extracts; the former, whether it insert John Gilpin, or The Task; Lycidas, or the Paradise Lost, gives what it does select, whole and complete. The arrangement of the two works, also, differs very essentially. In the *Elegant Extracts*, an attempt is made at classification, under the different heads of Sacred and Moral, Didactic, Descriptive, Pathetic, Humorous, &c. Now to us, such subdivisions seem often to be as ideal lines of demarcation as can well be conceived; and, with respect to much of our most beautiful poetry, any precise adjustment of it appears manifestly hopeless. Take, for instance, even the minor poems of Burns, where the ludicrous and the pathetic, the simple and the sublime, are so interwoven, as frequently to render specific classification impossible.—The truth, we believe, is, that the spirit, the essence of poetry, is "one and indivisible;" it may occasionally exhibit itself in modes and manifestations, such as may admit of "head-lines," and "classes;" but, on the whole, it is much too erratic and unmanageable in its operations to allow of its results being indexed and catalogued off, in distinct divisions, like the contents of a museum.

Dr. Aikin's plan, of giving the principal poems of our most popular authors in chronological succession, is, in our opinion, a more obvious and simple arrangement: and his short biographical and critical notices, not only form a suitable introduction to the most celebrated works of each, but, as far as the limits he has allowed himself permit, are marked by sound taste, and nice discernment. Before we dismiss our more immediate notice of his volume, and proceed to another discussion, the especial cause of our wishing to make it known, we must add (in justice to the printers of the work) that the skill and elegance displayed in the typographical department are highly creditable. It is altogether a portable and readable book, even to readers of no great muscular strength, or powerful optics; and this is something to say of more than 800 pages, each of which contains letter-press enough to fill seven fashionable pages.

But now for a word or two explanatory of our principal reason for wishing this volume

to excite the notice, and obtain the favour of the public. We wish it then, if we must confess the honest truth, because we suspect that some of the authors contained in it, are, like the good old fathers of the church, occasionally complimented, though often but coldly, with the tribute of praise, by many who scarcely ever look into their works. Let us not, however, be misunderstood: we are not inferring that Pope, Goldsmith, Akenside, Armstrong, &c. are in danger of being forgotten as poets; but we think there are circumstances connected with, and operating imperceptibly upon, the poetical taste of the day, not calculated to benefit their fame. In the first place, our living poets are "in themselves an host." Not a month, and indeed scarcely a week, passes without some new poem from Byron, or Wordsworth, or Southey, or Moore, being either published, or else announced as in forwardness for publication; and even the brief intervals between the appearances of these illustrious poets, and others equal, or little inferior to them, are filled up with a succession of subordinate efforts to win, or to increase popularity, from countless aspirants for fame. Now it is utterly impossible for even idle people to spend their whole lives in reading poetry; and, if they did, they could hardly get through all the volumes of verse, in constant succession, and apparently interminable preparation: this being the case, and bearing in mind that all the efforts of living poets, and booksellers wishing to live by them, are thrown into the scale of our contemporaries, we do think it a debt of justice, no less than of gratitude, to departed genius, to afford it an opportunity of pleading its own cause: nor can this be done in any way so well as by the selection of its best productions, and the republication of them in a form, and at a price, which may render them generally accessible. We consider this to be an incumbent duty, especially as respects some of the authors, whose better composition Dr. Aikin has here given us. It has of late been a fashion to exaggerate the beauties of our earlier poets, and to depreciate those of a more recent era. We will not assert that there is no just ground of preference; we concede the fact, that poetry has gained much in spirit, pathos, and originality, by a freer recurrence to those thoughts and feelings which are indeed its native element; but—we still think it may be as well for both the writers and readers of poetry, to keep on decent and respectful terms with Dryden, Pope, Swift, and Prior. The gentleman who pulled off his hat to the statue of Jupiter, and hoped he would not forget him if he came again into fashion, might carry his pleasantry somewhat too far; but, for our own parts, such, and so great is the fluctuation of taste, that though we have no expectation of seeing the school of Pope, for example, rise again on the ruins of that of Byron, or Wordsworth, we have little doubt of the comparative merits of all three being appreciated more to his advantage, hereafter, than now.

*The Nature and Genius of the German Language displayed, in a more extended Review of its grammatical Forms than is to be found in any Grammar extant; and elucidated by Quotations from the best Writers.* By D. Boileau. London, 1820, 8vo. pp. 424.

This title-page so fully expounds the nature of M. Boileau's work, that we have little to say, but that it keeps the word of promise. The philosophy of the German tongue is treated in a clear and agreeable manner, and the extracts are selected with judgement in regard to practical utility and illustration, and with taste in respect to variety and relief.

The subject of German particles, one which especially required elucidation in an English treatise, is comprehensively and ably handled; and we may say that upon the whole we have rarely met with a more satisfactory elementary book. The author shows himself to be intimately acquainted with the niceties, as he is conversant with the energies, of this powerful language. To the German scholar, therefore, his work is extremely valuable; and in general, it will be found that English and Latin also receive apt and curious illustration from their connexion with several of the topics handled by M. Boileau. The German construction assimilates very nearly with the latter: and yet we see how closely Shakspeare can be rendered by the pen of Schlegel—even an unlettered native of Britain, who never before saw German in print, may make out the sense imperfectly.

Ietzt bin ich allein.

O welch ein Shurck' und niedrer Sklav bin ich!

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Und alles das um nichts!

Um Hekuba!

Was ist ihm Hekuba, was ist er ihr

Dasz er um sie soll weinen.

This needs no translation. But we have said enough to recommend this publication to the attention it merits.

HUBER ON ANTS.

[Dr. Johnson's Translation, concluded.]

During the intense cold of winter the ants become torpid; and it is a striking proof of the Providence which directs all things on earth, that the pucerons (concerning which our last contained the details) become torpid at precisely the same temperament, and recover from this state at the same time, so as always to be ready to supply the nourishment required from them.

The last paper which we need devote to this entertaining volume, which affords charming and useful reading for all ages, shall be confined to the Amazon Ants; a nation whose history Huber first unfolded to the world. Chapter vii sets out—

"We have hitherto treated only of labouring ants, of societies composed of three sorts of individuals, of operations equally divided among the labourers, and of transient



wars, without any fixed purpose, or having only for their object common defence. The Amazon Ants present us manners and habits totally different,—republics peculiarly constituted and organised,—character dissimilar,—was regularly instituted,—in a word, a separate history; and of which no author has yet given any account.

"On the 17th June, 1804, whilst walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed close at my feet, traversing the road, a legion of Rufescent Ants.

"They moved in a body with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. In a few minutes they quitted the road, passed a thick hedge, and entered a pasture ground, where I followed them. They wound along the grass without straggling, and their column remained unbroken, notwithstanding the obstacles they had to surmount; at length they approached a nest, inhabited by dark Ash-coloured Ants, the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of its inhabitants were guarding the entrance; but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advanced guard. The alarm spread at the same moment in the interior, and their companions came forth in numbers from their underground residence. The Rufescent Ants, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march to arrive at the foot of the ant-hill; the whole battalion, in an instant, fell upon and overthrew the Ash-coloured Ants, who, after a short, but obstinate conflict, retired to the bottom of their nest. The Rufescent Ants now ascended the hillock, collected in crowds on the summit, and took possession of the principal avenues, leaving some of their companions to work an opening in the side of the ant-hill with their teeth. Success crowned their enterprise, and by the newly made breach the remainder of the army entered. Their sojourn was, however, of short duration, for in three or four minutes they returned by the same apertures which gave them entrance, each bearing off in its mouth a larva or a pupa; they retraced the route by which they had arrived, and proceeded one after another, without order or regularity. The whole army might be readily distinguished in the grass, by the contrast afforded by the Rufescent Ants, and

\* The tactics of these marauders vary with the enemy they have to contend with; in this instance, conscious of carrying off their booty, without further opposition from the Ash-coloured Ants, the army no longer keeps in rank, but separates into straggling parties, each hastening by a different route, to deposit their spoil in the common treasury; but, when these intrepid adventurers attack a nest of mining ants, and return successful, they are then obliged, from the known spirit and courage of the latter, to keep close order, and march in a body to the very gates of their citadel; as it not unfrequently happens, they are followed and harassed the whole way by the mining ants, who leave no exertion untried to recover their treasure.—T.

the white eggs and pupæ they had captured. They repassed the hedge and the road, in the place they had previously crossed it, and then directed their course through a field of ripened corn, where I experienced the regret of not being able to follow them.

"I now retraced my steps towards the scene of the recent assault, and there found a small number of ash-coloured labourers, perched upon the stalks of plants, holding in their mouths the few larvæ they had rescued from pillage; these they shortly carried back to their former station.

"I returned the following morning at the same hour, by the route I had observed the Amazon army take, in the hope of acquiring some knowledge of the phenomenon of which I had been a witness, when I discovered the habitation of one of these martial hordes.

"I observed on the right of the road a large ant-hill, covered with ants of that species. They formed into column, set forth in a body, and fell upon one of the habitations of the ash-coloured ants, in which, experiencing little or no opposition, they entered. One party immediately returned, bearing in their pincers the purloined larvæ; another party, less fortunate, quitted the scene of attack, without reaping any advantage from their expedition:—the former took the road to their own citadel; the latter marched in a body upon a second ant-hill, tenanted by the same species as the first, where they made ample booty. The whole army, now forming two divisions, hastened to the spot from which it had taken its departure. I reached the garrison a little before them; but what was my surprise to observe all around, a great number of that identical species they had gone forth to attack. I raised up a portion of the building, I still saw more; this induced me to regard it as one of the habitations that had already been pillaged by the Amazons, when my suspicions were removed by the arrival of the Amazon legion at the entrance, charged with the trophies of victory. Its return excited no alarm among the Negro Ants, who, whilst the Legionaries were descending with their booty, so far from offering opposition, were even seen to approach these warriors, caress them with their antennæ, offer them nourishment, as is the custom with those of their own species, take up some of the larvæ, and carry them into the nest. The Amazons remained within the rest of the day: the Negro Ants kept their station some time without, but retired before night.

"No enigma ever raised my curiosity so high as this singular discovery; and I had the satisfaction of finding near my own residence several ant hills of the same kind, not a little astonished at being the first to notice their existence.

"Conscious of the great advantage of having them so near me, I determined to devote the whole of my time to them. As I was extremely impatient to ascertain the nature of the connexion between these different species, I opened one of their dwellings, and there observed a great number of Rufescent mingled with Ash-coloured

Ants, which gave me some general idea upon this head. The latter were busily engaged in re-establishing the several avenues, hollowing out galleries, and carrying below the exposed larvæ and pupæ. The Amazons, on the contrary, passed over the larvæ, &c. with indifference, not once deigning to lift them, or take any part in the labours going forward; they wandered for some time over the surface, and then retired to the bottom of their citadel.

"But at five in the evening, the scene undergoes a complete and almost immediate change. The Amazons leave their retreat, become restless, and assemble on the outside. They are all in motion; none, however, move but in a curved line, and in such a way, as quickly to return to the outer wall of their garrison; their number increases each moment, they describe greater circles, a signal is communicated, they pass from one to the other, striking as they proceed with their antennæ and forehead the breast of their companions; these, in their turn, approach those advancing, and communicate the same signal; it is that of departure; the result satisfactorily proves it. We see those receiving the intimation, put themselves at the moment in march, and join the rest of the troop. The column becomes organised, advances in a straight line, passes over the turf, and removes to a considerable distance. Not a single Amazon is any longer to be seen near the garrison. The advanced guard sometimes halts until the rear guard comes up, and then diverges to the right and left without advancing; the army forms anew, and again moves forward with rapidity. There is no commander-in-chief, every ant is in turn first, each seeking to be foremost; some, however, move in a different direction, pass from the front to the rear, then retrace their steps and follow the general movement. There are always small numbers constantly returning to the rear, and it is probably in this way the movement of the whole army is governed.

"At a little more than thirty feet from their own residence, they stop and explore the ground with their antennæ, much in the same way as dogs when searching for game. They soon find a subterranean Negro ant-hill, to the bottom of which its inhabitants have retired. The Legionary Ants, unopposed, penetrate an open gallery; the whole army enter, seize upon the pupæ, and return through the several apertures, immediately taking the road to their garrison. It is now no longer an army disposed in column, it is an undisciplined horde. The Amazons run after each other with rapidity, and the last comes from the stormed city are followed by some few of its inhabitants, who endeavour to wrest from them their prize; an effort in which it but rarely happens they are successful.

"I return to the garrison to be once more a witness of the reception given to the plunderers by the Ash-coloured Ants, with whom they dwell. I observe a considerable number of pupæ heaped up before the door; each Amazon on its arrival deposits its burthen, and then returns to the invaded ant-hill;—

their auxiliaries suspend their labours in masonry, and come forward to the pupæ, which they carry one by one into the interior. The Negroes are also frequently seen to unload the Amazons, after having amicably touched them with their antennæ, when the latter yield to them, without opposition, the pupæ they have purloined.

"Let us still follow this army of plunderers on their return a second time, to the attack of the nearly ruined ant-hill. Its inhabitants, however, have had time to recover themselves, and to station a strong guard at each of the entrances. The Legionaries, who are in small numbers at first, take flight as soon as they perceive the Negroes in a state of defence; they return to the main body of the army, and advance and retreat several times successively, until they are in sufficient force; they then throw themselves *en masse* upon one of the galleries, driving away and putting in confusion its inhabitants. The whole army now enter the subterranean city, and seize upon the larvæ, which they carry off in great numbers, and in great haste. They never take any of the parent ants prisoners, their sole object being the possession of their offspring. Upon their return to the garrison, the most friendly reception is still given to the Amazons, who—their associates having arranged the produce of their first harvest,—either deposit their load at the entrance, or consign it to those in attendance, who hasten to place it in the interior.

"Could one for a moment suppose, that these intrepid warriors would return a third time to the pillage? This time, however, they had to undertake a siege in regular form, for the individuals, from whom they had twice successively taken larvæ and pupæ, had lost no time in throwing up trenches, barricading the several entrances, and reinforcing the guard of the interior, as if fully aware of this third attack from their adversaries. They had, moreover, brought together all the little pieces of wood and earth within reach, with which they had blocked up the passage to their habitation, in which they were posted in force. The Legionaries at first hesitated to approach, but rambled about or returned to the rear, until sufficiently reinforced; they then, upon a given signal, rushed forward *en masse* with great impetuosity, and began removing with their teeth and feet, the many obstacles that opposed their progress. Having succeeded, they entered the ant-hill by hundreds, notwithstanding the resistance of its inhabitants, and carried off their prize to the garrison. But this time, in lieu of remitting to their associates their plunder, they carried it into the underground chambers themselves, where they remained the rest of the day."

Of such invasions the author was afterwards a daily witness. He says—

"I was once present when the whole army appeared to be deceived in its route. It commenced its march after the ordinary manner; in place, however, of following a straight line, it described a curve, and reached a distance of about fifty paces, halting several times. After diverging on all sides,

without discovering any of the usual objects of attack, they fell again into column, and returned by the same road to their garrison, reaping no advantage from their expedition. The decision they took of returning would furnish ample matter for reflection. I shall not now, however, enlarge upon this subject, but limit myself to the question, how can this fact be explained on the supposition of a blind instinct? But here is a fact still more extraordinary. Upon their return our Amazons met with no flattering reception from the Negroes in the mixed ant-hill, who individually assailed, buffeted, and dragged them to the outside of the nest, where they even obliged them to act on the defensive: this hostile disposition, however, continued only a few moments, when the Amazons were allowed to re-enter their citadel. Are we to conclude that the Negro Ants were surprised at seeing them arrive without their accustomed booty, or did the larvæ, &c. serve in their eyes as passports for those with whose fate their own was so intimately linked? The Legionaries never take animal food."

At another time the Amazons attacked a Mining Ant hill.—

"As soon as the Legionaries began entering the subterranean city, the miners rushed out in crowds, and whilst some fell upon the invaders with great spirit, others passed through the scene of contest, solely occupied in bearing off to a place of safety their larvæ and pupæ. The surface of the nest was for some time the theatre of war. The Legionaries were often despoiled of the pupæ they had seized by the Miners, who darted upon them with amazing spirit, fighting body to body, and disputing the ground with an exasperation I had never before witnessed. The Amazon army was, notwithstanding successful, and recommenced its march in good order, laden with pupæ and larvæ: instead, however, of proceeding in file, it now maintained close rank, forming a compact mass, a precaution the more necessary, as the courageous insects upon whom they had made this attack, hastened in pursuit, and even harassed them, to within ten paces of their citadel.

"During these combats the pillaged ant-hill presented, in miniature, the spectacle of a besieged city; hundreds of its inhabitants were observed to quit it, carrying here and there the pupæ, larvæ, and young females they were anxious to preserve from the fury of their enemies. The major part mounted the neighbouring plants, bearing the young between their teeth; others deposited them under the thick bushes. When the danger was entirely gone by, they brought them back into the city, and barricaded the gates, near which they posted themselves in great number to guard the entrance. All was calm, however, in the mixed ant-hill; the Amazons had entered quietly their abode, and had been received by the auxiliary ants as the real proprietors."

After making such copious extracts, we need hardly repeat our praise of this curious and interesting history. It is a fine and interesting little book, both for youth and age.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CLASSIC LITERATURE.

We are sure our classical readers will be delighted with the pathetic conclusion of Cicero's oration, *pro C. Rabirio*, published by Baron Niebuhr.\*

"Neque a vobis jam bene vivendi, sed honeste moriendi facultatem petit: neque tam, ut domo sua fruatur, nam ne patrio sepulchro privetur, laborat. Nihil aliud jam vos orat, atque obsecrat, nisi uti ne se legitimo funere, et domestica morte privetis, et eum, qui pro patria nullum unquam mortis periculum fugit, in patria mori patiamini."

### DEBBRETT'S PEEPAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—Having given insertion to the two articles of P. P. and J. M. and thus afforded the writers, or rather the *Writer*, an opportunity of assailing the *Peepage* in its literary errors, I am induced to hope you will give insertion to my reply; which, as it is composed with more temper, cannot be less creditable to the columns of a Journal building its hopes for reputation on candour and consequent impartiality. I have said writer, because, if similarity of style can ever lead to identity, it is very evident in the present instance; and I may reasonably conclude, that the next attack will be on the *Peepage* of England! thus perfecting the *Trin Junction* in *uno*.

To attempt perfection in a work crowded by so many difficulties, impediments continually obtruding, changes continually defeating, would be idle; so would my defence, did I seek more than in support of my claim to diligence, and unwearied and incessant attention: on these points I may claim to justify myself. It was by these efforts my *Peepage* has obtained unrivalled patronage and support: I owe all that gratitude can urge, and future diligence secure.

But it is not by diligence alone that the *Peepage* can arrive at accuracy; it must be assisted by occasional corrections from noble, and other correspondents. Sir William Dugdale, Garter King of Arms, the learned author of the admirable *History of Warwickshire*, the *History of St. Paul's*, and other works of the first order of merit—works, the splendid monument of his learning and talent;—he felt the almost insuperable difficulties of a *Peepage*; and, hopeless of accuracy, confessed his deficiency. Where a Dugdale failed, I could hardly hope for complete success. My efforts were in approach to accuracy; and, I may confidently and without vanity assert, that I have done more than any of my predecessors. Your correspondent P. P. says, "I do not think I overstep the modesty of calculation, when I assert, that it contains at least as many errors as there are articles." I shall not stop to enquire into the quantum of your correspondent's *modesty*, of his accuracy in calcula-

\* This passage is an example of the newly discovered parts, mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*, a few Numbers ago.



tion, or whether there is more of malignity in his assertion than of candour in investigation. I can only reply, that most of the errors he has so vauntingly detected might have been easily remedied by the introduction of a figure—mere errors of the compositor, or the dropping of a letter at press. These, Sir, are errors which candor would have supplied. In another part of the article of your correspondent, he charges me with *scandalous negligence*. Let me ask of your correspondent, Sir, whether I may not, with more propriety, and without the loss of temper, charge him with *scandalous meanness*, in an assertion so wanton and unprovoked. With regard to the playfulness of his satire, I would fain remind him, that he becomes very serious when he would be amusing, and very amusing when he would be serious. To conclude, Sir, as I have never aimed at perfection, never hoping to accomplish it, let me request your correspondent's attention to the following quotation from the Baronetage; and let me press upon his attention, that, as I have always invited and solicited corrections of the press, his corrections would have been attended to with more pleasure if they had been pointed out with a more liberal feeling.—

"Of his labours and industry in the pursuit; he would wish to say little. He has been abundantly recompensed for the time occupied in his very numerous personal applications, by the politeness and attention with which those applications have been honoured, and by the extensive aids which he has derived from them. The only regret which he feels in offering this result of his endeavours to the public, arises from a dread of too frequent error in treating on subjects, with regard to which perfect correctness is absolutely unattainable.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

29, Fetter Lane. JOHN DEBRETT,  
Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and  
Imperial Calendar.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

An opinion of the existence of an Antarctic Continent has prevailed ever since the discovery of America rendered us more intimately acquainted with the figure of the earth; nor, when all the circumstances that led to it are considered, can it be called an unreasonable opinion. The vast quantity of floating ice in the higher southern latitudes, justly indicated its origin to be in fresh water rivers and lakes, at no great distance. And again, the immense space of ocean, in the southern hemisphere, in the absence of such a continent, led to an inference that that beautiful arrangement and disposition of land and water, so conspicuous in the northern, was overlooked, and the equilibrium neglected in the southern hemisphere.

These considerations led many voyagers to search after this Terra Incognita, and particularly influenced the last voyage of Captain Cook. But is it not surprising that it should have escaped the observation of the circum-navigators of all nations, and have baffled the laborious perseverance of Cook himself? and that the numerous vessels (whalers and others) that have navigated the sea contiguous to such land for nearly two centuries, should have remained in ignorance of its existence? Yet such is the fact; and it is equally surprising, that the honour of its discovery should have been reserved for the master of a small trading vessel, nearly fifty years after the question seemed to be set at rest by the unsuccessful result of Captain Cook's navigation.\*

\* Captain Cook first explored the Southern Ocean between the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand; consequently far to the east of the land now discovered. In November, 1773, he left New Zealand, and employed several weeks between 180° and 90° West longitude, and 45° to about 72° South latitude; so that he never approached within 30 degrees (on the Antarctic circle) of the new continent. The only passages we think it necessary to quote from him, as illustrative of our present subject, are the following:—

"In lat. 67° 20', long. 137° 12'," he says, "While we were taking up ice, we got two of the antarctic pterels so often mentioned, by which our conjectures were confirmed of their being of the pterel tribe. They are about the size of a large pigeon; the feathers of the head, back, and part of the upper side of the wings, are of a light brown; the belly, and under side of the wings, white; the tail feathers are also white, but tipped with brown: at the same time, we got another new pterel, smaller than the former, and all of a dark grey plumage. We remarked that these birds were fuller of feathers than any we had hitherto seen; such care has nature taken to clothe them suitably to the climate in which they live. At the same time we saw a few chocolate-coloured albatrosses; these, as well as the pterels above-mentioned, we saw nowhere but among the ice; hence one may with reason conjecture that there is land to the South. If not, I must ask where these birds breed? A question which perhaps will never be determined; for hitherto we have found these lands, if any, quite inaccessible. Besides these birds, we saw a very large seal, which kept playing about us some time. One of our people who had been at Greenland, called it a sea-horse; but every one else took it for what I have said."

Again, in lat. 65° 42', long. 99° 44': "I now came to the resolution to proceed to the North, and to spend the ensuing winter within the Tropic, if I met with no employment before I came there. I was now well satisfied no continent was to be found in this ocean, but what must lie so far to the South as to be wholly inaccessible on account of ice; and that if one should be found in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, it would be necessary to have the whole summer before us to explore it. On the other hand, upon a supposition that there is no land there, we undoubtedly might have reached the Cape of

In the absence of a more detailed narrative of this important discovery, which we presume is retarded for obvious reasons, resulting from the impolicy of making premature disclosures, the following few particulars may not only gratify curiosity, but will, in a great measure, we trust, counteract the ill effects of garbled and incorrect statements, which are beginning to find their way into the periodical press.

One of the evils attending mis-statements, in the origin of an important discovery, is, that of involving the question in a labyrinth of contradictions, from which in after times, it is difficult to unravel the truth. In the present instance too, as in former cases, a meritorious and enterprising, though obscure individual, is in danger of being deprived of the credit he so justly deserves, by probably adding to his native country a new source of wealth; the full worth of which would only be truly known by its possession by a rival in commercial enterprise.

A Mr. Smith, Master of the William, of Blythe, in Northumberland, and trading between the Rio Plata and Chili, in endeavouring to facilitate his passage round Cape Horn, last year, ran to a higher latitude than is usual in such voyages, and in lat. 62° 30', and 60° west longitude, discovered land. As circumstances would not admit of a close examination, he deferred it until his return to Buenos Ayres, when he made such further observations as convinced him of the importance of his discovery. On making it known at Buenos Ayres, speculation was set on the alert, and the Americans at that place became very anxious to obtain every information necessary to their availing themselves of a discovery, which they saw

Good Hope by April, and so have put an end to the expedition, so far as it related to the finding a continent; which indeed was the first object of the voyage. But for me at this time to have quitted the Southern Pacific Ocean, with a good ship expressly sent out on discoveries, a healthy crew, and not in want either of stores or of provisions, would have been betraying not only a want of perseverance, but of judgment, in supposing the South Pacific Ocean to have been so well explored, that nothing remained to be done in it. This, however, was not my opinion; for though I had proved that there was no continent but what must lie far to the South, there remained nevertheless room for very large islands in places wholly unexamined: and many of those which were formerly discovered, are but imperfectly explored, and their situations as imperfectly known. I was besides of opinion, that my remaining in this sea some time longer, would be productive of improvements in navigation and geography, as well as in other sciences.

was pregnant with vast benefit to a commercial people. Captain Smith was however too much of an Englishman to assist their speculations, by affording them that knowledge of his secret which it was so necessary for them to possess; and was determined that his native country only should enjoy the advantages of his discovery; and on his return voyage to Valparaiso, in February last, he devoted as much time to the development of it as was consistent with his primary object, a safe and successful voyage.

He ran in a westward direction along the coasts, either of a continent or numerous islands, for two or three hundred miles, forming large bays, and abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. He took numerous soundings and bearings, draughts, and charts of the coast; and in short, did every thing that the most experienced navigator, dispatched purposely for the object of making a survey, could do. He even landed, and in the usual manner took possession of the country for his sovereign, and named his acquisition, "New South Shetland." The climate was temperate, the coast mountainous, apparently uninhabited, but not destitute of vegetation, as firs and pines were observable in many places; in short, the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway. After having satisfied himself with every particular that time and circumstances permitted him to examine, he bore away to the North and pursued his voyage.

On his arrival at Valparaiso he communicated his discovery to Captain Sheriff of H. M. S. Andromache, who happened to be there. Captain S. immediately felt the importance of the communication, and lost not a moment in making every arrangement for following it up; he immediately dispatched the William, with officers from the Andromache: and in this stage the last letter from Chili left the expedition, with the most sanguine expectation of success, and ultimate advantages resulting from it: and, if we are correctly informed, a fully detailed narrative has been forwarded to government.

On taking a cursory view of the charts of the Southern Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it will be seen, that though Captain Cook penetrated to a much higher latitude, and consequently drew his conclusion from observing nothing but vast mountains of ice, it will be seen also that his meridian was 45 degrees further to the west of New

South Shetland, leaving a vast space unexplored on the parallel of 62° between that and Sandwich Land, in longitude about 28° west. He again made 67° or thereabouts, but in longitude 137° to 147° west. Perouse ascended no higher than 60° 30'; Vancouver about 55°; other navigators passing the Straights of Magellan and Le Maire; and most of them passing as close Cape Horn as possible, in order, as they thought, to shorten the passage to the Pacific, are circumstances that reasonably account for the protracted period to which so important a discovery has been delayed.

#### SCIENCE AND GASTRONOMY.

At a time when we see generals, physicians, and students, pretend to improve the difficult science of politics, we must not be surprised at seeing a skilful grammarian improve the art of cookery. M. Lemare, director of the Athenaeum of Languages, has invented a utensil, which he calls *autoclave*. M. Lemare engages to dress his dinner in less than half an hour; and lately made the experiment with complete success before a numerous company. He had put into the vessel a piece of meat, vegetables, and as much water as is necessary for a dish for five persons. The vessel was placed over a fire, which was kept up with some pieces of charcoal. In 36 minutes the vessel was taken off, and left a few minutes to cool; and the reporter affirms, that the broth was excellent, and the meat thoroughly done. It is not necessary to open the pot to skim it, so much as once during the boiling, for at the end of the operation the scum is found at the bottom of the vessel, and does not mix with the broth. The advantages of this *autoclave* cookery are, 1st. that the soup is excellent, which is very natural, because the apparatus is hermetically closed, and nothing therefore is lost. 2d. That produce is much increased by the quantity of jelly yielded by the bones. 3d. That the cookery is far more expeditious than in the ordinary kettles, &c. This mode of cookery will be highly advantageous to the poor in particular. We leave the detailed description of the *autoclave* to those journals which are especially devoted to such subjects. If satisfactory and repeated trials confirm the utility of the invention, it will become highly important in its results, as it will then be evident that cooking may be performed in much less than the usual time, and with one tenth part of the fuel now employed. M. Lemare's process is a very simple, and, for that reason, very ingenious improvement of Papin's digester. It speaks much in favour of the invention, that, as appears from a letter of the minister of the interior, the *autoclave* has been in use above a month, in the school for the blind at Paris. Should it come into general use, M. Lemare will doubtless derive more profit from the sale of this apparatus than from all his discoveries in etymology, and his excel-

lent precepts on orthography; and this is in the nature of things. In this enlightened age, we undoubtedly set a high value on correctness of language, but a well dressed dinner is far more valuable.—(*Foreign Journal*.)

**Cure for the Hydrophobia.**—Doctor Lyman Spalding, one of the most eminent physicians of New York, announces, in a small pamphlet, that for above these fifty years, the *Scutellaria Lateriflora* L. has proved to be an infallible means for the prevention and cure of the hydrophobia, after the bite of mad animals. It is better applied as a dry powder than fresh. According to the testimonies of several American physicians, this plant, not yet received as a remedy in any European *Materia Medica*, afforded a perfect relief in above a thousand cases, as well in the human species, as the brute creation (dogs, swine, and oxen). The first discoverer of the remedy is not known: Doctors Derveer, (father and son), first brought it into general use.

Modena, 21st June.

**Temple of Jupiter Ammon.**—The *Mesagiere Modenese* contains a letter from the traveller, Chevalier Frediani, dated from the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Desert of Barca (Lybia), the 30th of March, 1820, in which he says: "After a dangerous and fatiguing journey of sixteen days, I have at length arrived at the most celebrated monument of antiquity, which is situated about a league and a half from Schiwh, under 29° 22' North latitude. It has been visited by only a single European (Hornemann) since the time of Alexander the Great. The town of Schiwh made but a slight resistance; it capitulated on the most honourable terms, and retains its independence on paying an annual tribute to the Viceroy of Egypt."

#### EGYPTIAN TRAVELS, &c.

The friends of M. Cailliaud, the celebrated French traveller, have recently received a letter from him, dated Cairo, April 16th. The letter seems to have been written with China ink, and as there was every reason to believe that the plague was raging in Cairo, during the month of April, it was steeped in vinegar. Unfortunately it has thus become almost illegible. Only a few lines remain of the last two pages. It is however satisfactory to know that M. Cailliaud and M. Detorze, his travelling companion, have invariably enjoyed good health. He mentions a new Oasis, (*Farafra*) which is not marked in any map.

After an excursion of four months and a half in the desert, M. M. Cailliaud and Detorze returned to Egypt, bringing with them an abundance of materials highly interesting both to the geographer and the antiquarian. They visited several Oases, and discovered several Egyptian and Roman temples, and three Roman fortresses, unknown to any previous travellers.

On the 1st of July, M. Cailliaud intended to proceed to Thebes, in order to join the



expedition, which, under the command of the son of Mohammed-Ali, the Pashaw of Egypt, is to expel the Mamelucks from Nubia. He then proposes to travel from Dongolah to the Red Sea, by a course which no other traveller has taken.—*French Journal*.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE QUEEN ENTERING JERUSALEM.

We have seen a very curious picture consigned to this country by a mercantile house at Genoa, and representing the Entrance of the Queen into Jerusalem. This singular painting (so extremely interesting at this moment, and, considering the important circumstances with which her Majesty's situation connects itself, so historically remarkable), is the production of a distinguished foreign artist, the Sig. Carloni, of Milan. It is a fine specimen of Italian arts; but its principal attraction is undoubtedly the subject. Carloni was, we understand, employed by the Queen to paint this striking event in her life, and was engaged upon it for no less than four months, during all which time he resided in her palace, and had numberless sittings for all the particular portraits. We know not through what accident it has happened, that the picture has found its way into strange hands; whether the funds to pay for it were not convenient, or whether the hurry of political calls prevented the Queen from rewarding the artist according to his deserts? Certain it is, that for composition and effect we have hardly ever beheld a performance, on the same scale, superior to it. The scene is highly picturesque. Moving down one of the precipitous hills in the vicinity of the Holy City, is seen a cavalcade of Syrians and Turks, and a scarlet litter, in which are some of the Queen's female attendants. In the foreground the principal group of about a dozen persons appear, having descended from the height, and wound round an abrupt precipice on the left. Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims will furnish a good idea of this party: in front, at some distance, and near one of the gates of Jerusalem (which is disposed in amphitheatric form on the right) rides the Janizary, who has the firman and charge of the travellers. Foremost of these is the Queen, in a Turkish dress, and riding upon an ass; according to the fashion of that country, astride on the saddle. Her loose trowsers are just visible under the red robe, and her appearance is lusty and healthful. Leaning on the high pommel of her saddle, she is turning towards the celebrated Bergami, who is mounted on a noble white charger close behind her. Bergami's portrait is that of a very good-looking man; florid for an Italian, and with more of a German countenance. His eyes are light and pleasing; his nose well shaped; and his cheeks, lip, and chin, covered with hair approaching to auburn in its colour. He wears a blue riding dress, and has three Orders hanging on his breast. On the left of Bergami is another chevalier, adorned with an order of merit, and, we presume from a likeness between them, brother to the favourite. Immediately behind are two other

horsemen of the suite, and between them the Countess Oldi, also on horseback, and dressed something like the Queen. In the rear of these are other followers, and nearer the front a black boy and a white boy; the latter is handsomely dressed and mounted on an ass. He is about eight years old, and a son, it is said, of Bergami, the Black being his menial slave! Behind these again is the much-talked of Billy Austin, on a black charger; well disposed for variety in the group, and looking pale and sickly. Several attendants bring up the reserve.

Such is this extraordinary painting. The likenesses can hardly be otherwise than excellent, for they possess much character, and are very carefully finished. The execution is that of capital miniatures; and the whole affords a perfect notion of the scene and its actors.

Describing such a work to gratify the curiosity of our readers, we should deem it intrusive to say any thing of the nature of its subject and obvious allusions. In a few days, probably, either by its being purchased from the merchant to whom it has been consigned, for some gallery or exhibition, the public may have an opportunity of seeing it; till then, as far as language can convey it, we have the satisfaction of furnishing an accurate description of Queen Caroline's riding into Jerusalem upon an ass.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BACHELOR'S BOAST,  
TOGETHER WITH ITS REFUTATION.

*Attempted after the manner of our elder Poets.*

I live a calm untroubled life,  
Nor slave to Love, nor Folly's minion;  
I woo no mistress, wed no wife,  
In act unshackled, or opinion.  
My friends, my books, my fields, and all  
The melodies of woodland mountains,  
The throbbles song, the cuckoo's call,  
The distant hush of falls and fountains;  
O'er setting suns the blush that burns,  
The glories of the moonlight heaven—  
On these my bosom's fondness turns;  
I ask but these, and these are given.  
Unbroken on life's rocky shore,  
Like some light-heaving wave I wander,  
Rejoice amid the tempest's roar,  
Or bask in calms, now here now yonder.  
Of womankind I take no heed;  
In truth I neither hate nor love them;  
My joys were grovelling joys indeed,  
That would not soar a flight above them.

## THE ANSWER.

Thy freedom's boast is false and vain;  
Some land thou art not worth invading:  
Disdain'd thyself, thou feign'st disdain,  
Thy lonely spleen for joy parading.  
List what the voice of Nature says;  
By which thy fancy's ear is taken;  
Mute are thy throbbles quivering lays,  
Till love, sweet love, his song doth waken.  
Like thee, thy cuckoo builds no nest,  
Nor soft domestic joys are near him;  
He lives thy life of cold unrest,  
And gentler birds despise or fear him.  
Thy falls, so hush'd in summer eve,  
Thro' winter days discordant bellow;

The flocks their dangerous margenta leave,  
Nor finds thy fretful age a fellow.

In setting suns and moon-beams fair,  
There dwells a bliss, by thee untasted,  
Which only those who love can share;  
On thee such moments are but wasted.

Nor is thy wave, so light and free,  
Condemn'd, as thou, to lonely sadness;  
With it full many waves there be,  
To 'hide the storm, or dance in gladness.  
And when it sinks, its waters heave  
Transmitted through some kindred billow;  
But thy cold blood shall never leave  
One rill beyond thy dying pillow.

IGNOTO SECONDO.

*A West Indian Anecdote, versified.*

A West Indian dandy (not Bond Street alone  
Can claim the dear exquisite thing as its own)  
Stood fix'd by the glass, while the new suit displays  
All its charms of stiff collars, short waists, and  
tight stays.— [eyed]—  
"Don't I look very well?" (here the mirror was  
"Massa look like a lion," a Negro replied.  
"Where have you seen a lion?"—"Oh! me  
see it each day—  
Ah! there's its long ears—it is coming this way."  
One moment the beau turn'd away from the  
glass,  
Look'd back—and beheld his resemblance an Ass.  
L.

[By Correspondents.]

## CANZONET.

*(From the Italian of Filici.)*

Behold! the sun of Ganges beams,  
Which set on Tagus yesterday;  
The lurid air with glory streams,  
Exulting in his cheering ray.  
The darkest wishes of the soul,  
Freed from their sin by God's controul,  
Grow pure: His grace surpassing far  
The transient brilliance of an earthly star.  
The sun, kind source of varied hue,  
On every flower its tint bestows;  
The violet, with its rich deep blue,  
The lily pale, and blushing rose:  
Thus holy thoughts, that feel no life,  
And sleep 'midst worldly sordid strife,  
Bless'd and illumin'd from above,  
Awake to moral light and heavenly love.  
The foliage of the morning hour,  
Reft of the sun, would fade away;  
Light in itself, and light its flower—  
A mirror that reflects the day.  
Thus, if the traveller's eye on glade,  
On mountain, or on rock, be staid,  
Deem it not wedded to the clod;—  
It rests—and only rests—on Nature's God.  
Of God the sun resounds the praise,  
The present God his beams declare,  
The winds their whispering anthem raise,  
And ocean owns that God is there.  
The trees in Deity rejoice;  
And that sweet bird, whose hymning voice,  
In all her wanderings through the grove,  
Would seem to say to God—"I love—I love."  
Where juts the crag, or slopes the mound,  
At every step love's peans rise;  
Each plant—each stone—shall chaunt a sound,  
In one harmonious sacrifice.  
Now tears prevail—now grief retires—  
To pardon then the soul aspires—  
Pardon from HIM, whose mercies flow  
To cancel every sin, and solace every woe.

July 31, 1820.

A. O.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANNA MARIA L—E,  
In consequence of a Coup de Soleil.

Thou art gone—with thy blush of youth undecayed;  
With thy heart in its purity—Sweet maid:  
Thou art gone; to slumber that long deep sleep,  
Many shall envy, and some shall weep.  
That eye's dark splendour is shaded in night,  
And pale that cheek where the rose shed its light;  
From that soft lip is the crimson fled,  
And the smile that wandered there vanished.  
It was not thus when I saw thee last,  
(And since—but few short hours are past)—  
Then, like the rose, wert thou in thy bloom,  
Breathing of beauty and perfume.  
Yes—like the rose, fragile as fair,  
Withered thy sweetness the sun's fierce glare  
And bent thee to earth, no more to arise,  
Till thine angel whispers thee to the skies.  
Never hath in the grave been laid,  
Than thine a lovelier form, sweet maid;  
Never hath quitted its earthly shrine,  
A spirit more beautiful than thine.

Paris, July.

ISABEL.

ON THE RECENT CONTROVERSY AT CHELTENHAM.

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

Truth lies in a well, old philosophers tell;  
Young philosophers say 'tis not true:  
As a word to the wise, Doctor Neale says it lies  
In the old well, but not in the new.

J. R.

TO CAROLINE'S MINIATURE.

Oh, smile upon me—but one smile—  
To soothe my strain'd and aching sight:—  
I gaze upon thee, to beguile  
The tedious hours, from morn till night.  
And starting from my feverish rest,  
Aroused by tantalizing dreams,  
I press the treasure to my breast,  
Impatient for the morning-beams.  
Then as they come, I gaze again  
Upon the magic ivory's charms  
With rapture!—my delight how vain!—  
I fold a shadow in my arms.  
Oh, move those eyes—yet not away  
From one, whom now they seem to see;  
And part those lips—but not to say  
Thou lovest another more than me.  
Turn, turn that graceful neck—but keep  
Thy looks bent on me ev'n as now;  
And let those clustering tresses sweep  
The fair expansion of thy brow.  
Oh, let that beauteous bosom heave  
A sigh—I'll dare to hope for me:  
Do ought to make me but believe  
Thou livest, while I gaze on thee.  
For ah! although so fair and true  
This effort of the painter's art,  
It mocks as much as glads my view,  
And racks not satisfies my heart.  
And yet I would not part from thee,  
Thou dear delusion, to obtain  
That selfish cold serenity  
Some men relinquish all to gain.

J. F.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE TWO PLACEMENTS.  
(From the French.)

On my arrival in Paris, after visiting the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the theatres and museums, I determined, if possible, to seek out my two old friends, *Dumont* and *Dupré*, who, on quitting college, went to push their fortune in the French capital. *Dumont*, as well as I could remember, was not, in his youth, a prodigy of perspicacity; not that he ever evinced any repugnance for study, but his natural dullness of apprehension constantly counteracted the effects of his diligence. But all loved him—all admired his simple and amiable character. The other students readily assisted him in his studies; and his tutors, who could not be angry with him, closed their eyes to his faults; so that in return for his amiable qualities, poor *Dumont* was the most ignorant scholar in the kingdom: he had read *Livy* before he could construe *Cornelius Nepos*. *Dupré*, on the contrary, was the eagle of our classes; ardent, lively, impetuous, and prodigiously shrewd. Lessons which engrossed the whole attention of his companions, were not sufficient to gratify his impatient curiosity; he studied the living languages and the liberal arts; he wrote verses on all occasions; he turned his attention to theology, politics, and finance. He also possessed an excellent heart, was a generous friend, and a pleasant companion.

I had made many inquiries in Paris for *Dumont* and *Dupré*; nobody could give me any information respecting my old friends, and I almost despaired of ever seeing them again, when one evening, as I was seated in the gallery of the Theatre Feydeau, I heard a great noise in a box behind me. The audience, according to custom, turned with eager curiosity; two ladies splendidly attired, entered the box, accompanied by a gentleman in a court-dress: I looked at him through my glass, and to my astonishment discovered *Dupré*. To rise from my seat, to rush through the lobby, and to knock at the box-door, was but the business of a moment. The door was opened by an old woman. "Do you belong to his Excellency's party, Sir?"—"His Excellency's party! What do you mean? I belong to my friend *Dupré*'s party."—"There is no Monsieur *Dupré* here, Sir."—"You are mistaken, he is in this box with two ladies; open the door, I say."—"No sir, it is the Baron de Courville who is in his Excellency's box, and I have been expressly ordered to admit only the friends of the minister." On hearing the name of Courville, I recollected that *Dupré*'s father had been an attorney in the little village of Courville, where he possessed a small property; and I immediately concluded that one of those evil geni who hover over great cities, had turned *Dupré*'s brain. "Where does Baron de Courville reside?" said I to the woman. "I cannot inform you Sir, she replied, but you may rely on finding him at the office of —, where he holds a high post."

Highly gratified to reflect that *Dupré*'s

distinguished talents were so well rewarded, I resumed my seat in the gallery, where I could distinctly hear all that was said in the neighbouring box. *Dupré* spoke but little, and seemed very attentive to the performance. At length I heard one of the ladies remark, in a sort of half whisper:—"Baron, there is a gentleman looking very steadfastly at you."—"The opera is exceedingly dull this evening," observed *Dupré* with indifference; "suppose we go and finish the evening at his excellency's."—"With all my heart," exclaimed the ladies; and they withdrew, making as much noise as when they entered.

At nine o'clock on the following morning I attended at the office of the —: "Are you mad," said the door-keeper, "to expect to see the Baron de Courville at this early hour? Don't you know the rules? The clerks arrive at nine o'clock, the under-secretary at ten, the heads of departments at eleven or twelve, never sooner, Sir; and there are certain days, Saturday for instance, on which it excites a high notion of a gentleman's importance not to appear in the office at all."

At twelve o'clock precisely I was in the antichamber of *Dupré*'s office. "Where are you going, Sir?" said one of the door-keepers.—"To the Baron de Courville."—"Has the Baron granted you an audience?"—"I am his intimate friend, announce me."—"I cannot, Sir. You must come on Friday, between the hours of two and four, if you wish to see him; Friday is the only day on which he receives the public." I was resolved not to yield to this hiring. I elevated my voice, that I might not have the air of a petitioner. A dozen door-keepers, messengers, and gendarmes immediately surrounded me, and the old friend of Baron de Courville was mercilessly thrust out of the door.

But on such occasions, true friendship contends against every obstacle. On Friday, just as the clock struck two, I entered an elegant apartment adjoining the cabinet of *Dupré*; about forty persons were anxiously awaiting their turn to be admitted. But time slipped away, and the audiences succeeded each other very slowly. It was near four o'clock, and only seven or eight persons had yet been admitted into the sanctuary. Alarmed by the approach of the fatal hour, and determined to see *Dupré* that very day, or never more to enter the office, I came to the desperate resolution of forcing the door. At that precise moment it opened: *Dupré* had doubtless received a personage of somewhat more consideration than the rest, and he attended him to the door of his closet. I availed myself of the lucky opportunity, and knocking down the porter, who endeavoured to detain me, I rushed forward and embraced *Dupré*. The baron was delighted, he carefully closed the door, welcomed me in the kindest way, and asked for my petition. "Oh you are joking, I replied, I am no petitioner; I am your old friend and college companion; I have come to see you, and to renew every assurance of my sincere friendship." I was so overjoyed on pronouncing



these words, that for the moment I forgot the scene of the *Opera Comique*, the insolence of the door-keepers, and all the difficulties I had encountered ere I could gain access to Dupré, and once more heartily embraced him. He appeared astonished; "My dear friend," said he, with affected dignity, "I am exceedingly glad to see you; I hope you are happy and in good circumstances. For my own part, I am pursuing a brilliant and rapid course; the eyes of all Paris are fixed on me. But alas! the favours of the court, the ear of the minister, honours, titles, rewards, all do not constitute happiness. You know I am not ambitious; I was born to cultivate the arts and philosophy. I detest the busy world, and am resolved one day to retire to the country." "To Courville, perhaps," said I.—"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Dupré, somewhat confused, with tastes like mine, may not a man be happy any where?" The clock struck—"I am very sorry my dear friend, but you see, my moments are counted with such scrupulous exactness!—Come and dine with me on Sunday, in the Rue de Bourgogne—no refusals! I insist on it—I will then introduce you to Madame de Courville and my daughter—You shall see how I live—in a style of modesty and simplicity.—Adieu!"

On the appointed day, full of curiosity, I proceeded to the Rue de Bourgogne. I was ushered into a spacious apartment, furnished in the richest style. Pictures, bronzes, mirrors, and chandeliers of glittering crystal explained to me in a moment the philosophic tastes of the Baron. About twenty guests, magnificently dressed, had already arrived, and two ladies were conversing together near one of the windows. Dupré advanced to receive me:—"Come, my old friend, we are just going to dinner. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you my countryman, the companion of my studies; you know how sacred are the bonds of college friendship; one cannot grudge to make a little sacrifice for it." Stunned by this compliment, I muttered something which nobody could understand, and retired to a distant part of the room. More company arrived: Dupré introduced them to the ladies, and thus I learned that one was the lady of the house and the other her daughter. Dinner was announced. The banquet was splendid; but I had lost all appetite. I sat at an obscure corner of the table, between a half-pay colonel and a clerk of finance. From the latter I learnt the real situation of the Baron de Courville. "Your friend," said he, "has advanced in the world by rapid strides; but he treads on slippery ground, for he depends on the favour of a minister, and I sadly fear that in spite of all his adroitness, our poor Baron will fall at last. He is a slave to ambition; he aims at being a counsellor of state and a member of the Chamber of Deputies."

The dinner was lingering and tedious. No gaiety, no general conversation. Dupré's attention was wholly engrossed by the gentleman who sat on his right, and who I understood was one of the most distinguished members of the Chamber. Madame, on the other hand, conversed only with an

ex-minister of state, who sat next her. As for the young lady, she seemed dull and tired of the company. After the desert, we withdrew to the *salon* to take coffee; but here again politics formed the only subject of discussion. Dupré found it no easy task to endeavour to conciliate opposite opinions, and above all to avoid compromising himself. The Baron proposed cards; but disputes ran so high that no one was inclined to play. The ladies withdrew to the piano; but it was in vain, music could not be heard amidst the tempest. For my own part, I was not then in the humour either for music or politics, and I would willingly have made my escape, but that I was anxious to ask one question of Dupré. It was difficult to seize a favourable opportunity of addressing him; for since my arrival Dupré had not deigned even to honour me with a glance. After waiting a full hour, an opportunity occurred. "Baron," said I, coolly, "will you do me the honour to inform me where I may find our old friend Dumont?" "Dumont!" replied he with an air of embarrassment, "I really don't know, I have not seen him this age." "Is he not in Paris?" "Oh, yes—he is in Paris—and I rather think he is employed in our office." "In your office, Baron! and you have not seen your old friend this age?" "I cannot see every body you know; I am overwhelmed with business: besides, Dumont is such an original—so full of romantic notions. But you will find him somewhere in the office, if you wish to see him."

Full of rage and confusion, I made one effort to depart, but turned again:—"Since Dumont is employed in your office, Baron, perhaps you can inform me what situation he holds?"—"He is a secondary clerk, as well as I can recollect."

Next morning I called on Dumont at his office. No insolent porter refused to admit me, or to enquire whether an audience had been granted me. The first person I met at the top of the staircase was Dumont himself. He immediately recognized me; and, from the hearty expressions of joy with which he ran to embrace me, I felt convinced that I had now met with a sincere friend.

I related to him my adventure with Dupré. He smiled, for he had himself experienced similar treatment. "Truly," said he, "our unhappy friend is to be pitied; Fortune uses him like a spoiled child, and I fear she has some sad reverse in store for him; he is now on the highest point of the wheel; but one step more, and he will share the fate of all who have preceded him. I have never lost sight of Dupré in his brilliant course; and I am sure that the faults with which he is reproached, the repulsive manner, and the cold formality, by which he makes so many enemies, are to be attributed solely to the vertigo occasioned by his unlooked for elevation."

My first visit to Dupré had taught me the impropriety of intruding on the valuable time of men in office, and I was about to depart. "No, no," said Dumont, "we will spend the day together. You shall come and dine with me; I will introduce you to

my wife and children, and I hope you will like us all well enough to come often again. But I must go and inform the head of our department of this happy circumstance, and ask leave for the remainder of the day; I will return to you in a moment."

This language of the heart—these expressions of cordial friendship, delighted me, and I recollected with shame all the trouble I had taken to gain an insulting interview with the haughty Baron de Courville. I waited a whole hour, and Dumont had not yet made his appearance. I began to be alarmed.—At length he returned in great haste, and apparently agitated.—"Oh, poor Dupré!" he exclaimed.—"What has happened?" said I. "There is a report of the resignation, and probably the disgrace, of the minister: his Excellency has not appeared at the council these three days."—"Alas! what will become of you?"—"Of me? oh, I shall still be a secondary clerk, as before: such is the advantage of a humble post. Nobody will dream of turning me out, until I am unfit for service. But poor Dupré! how will he avert the storm that is gathering over his head?"

We set out, and directed our course towards the Champs-Élysées. Our friend's misfortune was long the subject of conversation. I proposed leaving Dumont until the hour of dinner, in order to call once more on Dupré.

I arrived; all was in disorder at the Baron de Courville's; the servants were engaged in packing up the splendid furniture and ornaments which had so dazzled me on the preceding day. I found Dupré in his closet, surrounded by a dozen creditors. He was pale and dejected. "Dupré," said I, "if I were in distress your purse would be mine..." "No, my friend, I do not stand in need of this last lesson; my wife's diamonds have paid for all. Adieu! forgive me.—Go to Dumont, and tell him to forgive me also. Pity me—and, if you should ever be elevated by fortune, think of poor Dupré." With these words he abruptly left the room.

Full of melancholy reflections, I proceeded to the residence of Dumont. Three apartments, neatly furnished, in which the only ornaments were a few drawings, a barometer, and the bust of the king, sufficed to accommodate Dumont, his wife, two children, and a servant. "I have another room," said he, "which I call my *Louvre*; we will visit that after dinner."

Larochefoucault would not have said there never was a happy marriage, had he seen the family of Dumont. I scarcely ever saw a woman more affable, or of manners more graceful and prepossessing, than Madame Dumont. She was the mother of two beautiful boys, to whose education all her care was devoted.

The dinner was cheerful. I was the only guest; Dumont did the honours of the banquet in the most hospitable style. We drank to the better fortune of Dupré, and the eternal preservation of all the secondary clerks in the kingdom.

After dinner I requested my friend to introduce me to the mysterious apartments he

had mentioned. He opened the door; it was a library, containing upwards of a thousand select volumes,—the works of Homer, Virgil, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Montaigne, and Jean-Jacques—all the great geniuses of past ages, to whose society Dumont was indebted for his happy philosophy. I was somewhat surprised to find that he possessed a strong passion for literature, which the ill success of his early studies by no means promised. "For this taste," replied he, "and the information I have been able to acquire, I am indebted wholly to the post I occupy. Being engaged all day in business of a nature purely mechanical, I feel the necessity of exercising my mind by way of recreation. The imagination of Jean-Jacques was most fertile, when he had copied music for a whole morning: and thus, (pardon the vanity of the comparison) after having mechanically guided my pen for six or seven hours, I feel that I am fit for study, and I experience a kind of inspiration on leaving my desk. I do not mix much in society; and you may well suppose that a poor devil like me never dines with the ministers; but I sit down to table with Molière, between La Fontaine and Chapelle, or I drink with Horace the Sabine wine, with which Mécènes was wont to regale himself. Sometimes I myself take a poetic flight. I have already written two tragedies."

I applauded Dumont's literary enthusiasm, and requested that he would favour me with a sight of his productions. "Come to-morrow," said he, "and I will sell them to you; but, in the meanwhile, tell Dupré, if ever you should happen to converse with him on the advantages of my place, how I bring up my family, and make myself happy with an income of 3,600 francs per annum. Tell him that I practise economy, and that I have always something in store to relieve the distresses of a friend."

Since I sketched these portraits, I have learnt that Dupré has again appeared on the political horizon; but I doubt whether any thing could render the happiness of Dumont more complete; and I am certain that, in all great cities, men are to be found whose destinies resemble those of my two place-men. B. L.

#### VARIETIES.

On the 21st of April, two of the Monks of Saint Bernard rescued from death a poor Italian soldier, who fell from the top of a steep rock, as he was returning to his family from Siberia. He was much bruised, and had passed a whole night among the snow. What a contrast is here offered between the mad ambition which led him to Siberia, and the fine humanity that saved him on his return.

*Anecdote.*—The celebrated German bard, Gleim, once got a painter to paint his own portrait and that of his friend, the poet Jacobi. Happening to dine about this time with the Dean of —, a nobleman in the company, who was the friend of both, said to Gleim, "I hear you and Jacobi have had your

portraits painted: I suppose at full length?" "No," replied Gleim, "that is only for knights, that we may see their *spurs*: we have no occasion for this; for with us the head is the chief thing."

*Novelty in Resurrectionary Sacrilege.*—At Frankenthal, near Mannheim, a piece of ground has just been granted to the Jews, for a burial ground. According to their religious customs, they immediately consecrated it by the sacrifice and inhumation of the finest cock which they were able to procure. The savory appearance of the victim having tempted a dozen poor Hebrews; they assembled in the night, profaned the asylum of the dead, dug up the cock, and put him upon the spit. This singular theft was not discovered till some days afterwards, to the great scandal of the whole synagogue.

#### ESTIMATE OF THE PROVISIONS CONSUMED IN PARIS DURING LAST YEAR.

805,499 hectolitres of wine; 43,849 of brandy; 15,919 of cider and perry; 71,896 of beer; 20,756 of vinegar.

70,819 oxen; 3,561 cows; 2,918 milk cows; 67,719 calves; 329,070 sheep; 64,822 hogs; 291,727 cheeses; sea-fish amounting to the value of 3,165,520 fr.; oysters, 821,618 fr.; fresh water fish, 502,780 fr.; poultry, 7,161,402 fr.; butter, 7,105,533 fr.; eggs, 3,676,502 fr.

*Forage.*—7,822,640 bottles of hay; 11,054,371 of straw; 923,022 hectolitres of oats.—*French Journal.*

The French sloop of war the *Uranie*, which was sent on a voyage of discovery, under the command of Captain Freycinet, has been wrecked upon some rocks on her passage from New-Holland. Fortunately all the crew got ashore in the port of Serkley, and the instruments and manuscripts belonging to this expedition have been saved.

*Precocity.*—The rage for juvenile prodigies seems to have revived. Besides Made-moiselle Bergami, on whom the *Times* pronounced such a flattering encomium, and described as having attained so many accomplishments at seven years of age;—besides the young *Roscia* of Brussels, whom we lately noticed;—a phenomenon of another kind has appeared on the horizon of Milan. This prodigy is a young lady, ten years of age, who is known by the name of *Iphigenia*, and whose extraordinary memory excites universal astonishment. The *Iphigenia* of Greece never inspired so much interest as this *Iphigenia* of Milan. She is thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and answers the questions put to her with intelligence and accuracy. Her father has a list of thirty thousand questions, all of which the little living dictionary answers with the utmost readiness. It is to be hoped that the father may not prove another Agamemnon, and sacrifice his child to the desire of compressing the materials of a folio into an octavo.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.  
The first number of the 17th volume of

the *Bibliotheca Italiana* contains a complete view of all that has been done throughout Italy, in 1819, for the sciences and fine arts, for agriculture, and manufactures. The following is the general view of the book trade, and of the periodical publications in Italy, in 1819. In Lombardy alone there were printed—

Value in Italian Lire.*	
Large works in all branches of science	2,720,613
Religious books and missals	560,320
Almanacks, school books, &c.	470,220
Music	499,200
Copperplates	500,000
State and Government papers	450,000

Total, 5,200,353

The printer Silvestri, in Milan, printed alone in 1819 no less than 46 volumes, exclusive of almanacks, pamphlets, &c.; Ricordi, in Milan, engraved no less than 145 musical works; whereas Girard, in Naples, published only 25, and Lorenzi, in Florence, only 31. He has now extended his dealings in musical publications even to Odessa. This great consumption of paper, and the buying up of rags in Italy by the English, caused the price of paper to rise 35 to 40 per cent. Naples received, in 1819, in addition to its *Enciclopedia* and the *Bibliotheca*, the *Annali d'Agricoltura Italiana*, edited by M. Gagliardo. At Rome, the *Giornale Enciclopedico*, which expired without regret in 1819, after six months existence, was succeeded by *Memorie Enciclopediche Sulle Antichità e Belle Arti*, by M. Guattani; and the *Giornale Arcadico*, subsisted through the year with credit. At Bologna, the *Opuscoli Scientifici*, and the *Opuscoli Letterari di Bologna*, were very well received; but of the *Giornale della nuova Medicina Italiana*, only three numbers have yet appeared. In Tuscany, the learned journals have not been very successful for some years past. The *Giornale del Genio* hardly supports itself; and the *Saggiatore* chose a subject which is out of fashion. A journal in the manner of the Spectator would certainly be good, if Addison and Steele wrote it. At Genoa, the "Correspondance Astronomique Geographique, Hydrographique et Statistique," by Baron Zach, appears regularly, and without interruption. The *Annali di Viaggi* of M. Bertolotto, which were advertised, have not yet appeared, but are to commence in February. Turin has not had any periodical journal since its *Calceidoscopia* broke. At Nizza (di mare), an *Orfeo Italiano* was announced: but it showed itself to the world in one paper only, and vanished. At Venice are published regularly once a fortnight the *Nuovi Commentari di Medicina e Chirurgia* of Mess. Valer, Brera, Ces. Ruggieri, and Flor. Caldani. At Padua the *Giornale dell'Italiana Letteratura* still exists, thanks to the editor, Count da Rio; but it is almost eleven months in arrear, for the two last numbers are for January and February, 1819. It is the senior of the present Italian Journals. At Pavia, the *Giornale di Fisica*,

\* 33 Lire, 1 Pound Sterling.



*Chimica et Storia Naturale*, proceeds without interruption. At Milan the *Academy of Sciences*, and the *Conciliatore* are deceased; but the following still live:—1. *The Gazzetta di Milano*; 2. *Il Corriere delle Dame*; 3. *Gli Annali de Commercio*; 4. *Il Raccogli-tore*; 5. *Il Giornale di Medicina Universale*; 6. *L'Ape*; 7. *Il Foglio Bibliografico*; 8. *La Biblioteca Italiana*. "This advancement of the book trade in Italy of late years is the result," says M. Acerbi, "of the wise measures by which the present government abolished the fatal decree of 30th November, 1810, which laid a duty of a centesimo on every leaf printed in that country, and of 50 per cent. upon every foreign work. Now the new edition of the Italian Classics was immediately resumed, the edition of the classics of the 18th century begun, and Sonzogno's *Viaggi*, Silvestri's *Bibliotheca Selecta*, and a hundred similar speculations, rapidly succeeded each other. Milan has become the staple place for the national and foreign book trade, where above 700 bales (1050 cwt.) of French, English, and Swiss works, besides German, are annually entered at the Custom-house.

The same gentleman who translated Lord Byron's poems into French, has announced Sir Walter Scott's poetical romances.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JULY, 1820.

Thursday, 27—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer from 30.21 to 30.18.

Wind S. W. 1. — Generally clear; clouds passing.

Friday, 28—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer, stationary at 30.20.

Wind S. W. and N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  — Generally cloudy; sunshine at times.

Saturday, 29—Thermometer from 51 to 77.

Barometer from 30.24 to 30.26.

Wind N. b. E. and S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  — generally clear; light clouds passing.

Sunday, 30—Thermometer from 48 to 79.

Barometer from 30.26 to 30.13.

Wind S. and S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  — Light clouds generally overspread. A little rain about 7 P. M. and about 11, heavy rain with thunder and lightning incessantly, which continued till about 1 o'clock. The upper part of a halo formed about 8 o'clock in the morning.

Monday, 31—Thermometer from 51 to 83.

Barometer from 30.03 to 29.99.

Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and S. W. 1. — A thick vapour, with light clouds, spread over the greater part of the day: sunshine at times.

Rain fallen .475 of an inch.

AUGUST, 1820.

Tuesday, 1—Thermometer from 58 to 75.

Barometer from 29.99 to 30.08.

Wind S. W. 3. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  — Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times.

Wednesday, 2—Thermometer from 52 to 76.

Barometer from 30.22 to 30.26.

Wind S. W. 1. and S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  — Clouds generally passing.

On Sunday, the 6th of August, at 11 hours, 59 minutes, 11 seconds, (clock time) the first satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.

On the same day, at 13 hours, 52 minutes, 9 seconds (clock time), the fourth satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow.

On Thursday the 10th, at 11 hours, 14 minutes, 26 seconds (clock time), the second satellite of Jupiter will immerse into his shadow. Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\*\* To make room for our usual Miscellanies, together with the various interesting articles which appear in this Number, we have been obliged to borrow a part of the space allotted to Advertisements, which we shall claim the privilege of repaying in some future Number.

Several papers are unavoidably postponed.

On turning to their *L. Gazette* of 18th Sept. last (No. 139), our Readers will find an original Account of the Carbonari, now acting so prominent a part in Naples and Italy.

A Correspondent says, Addison, with a view of comparing the present face of Italy with the descriptions left us by the Romans, made preparatory collections from the Roman poets. He might (says Dr. Johnson) have spared himself the trouble, had he known that such collections had been twice made before, by Italian authors. My question is, to what Italian authors does Dr. Johnson here allude?

## THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE two Quarterly Parts of the LITERARY GAZETTE, from 1st January, to Midsummer, 1820, are now to be had at the Office, and of all Booksellers, News-vendors, and Clerks of the Road.

A few complete Sets from the commencement, in January, 1817, may also be obtained; and, as every volume forms a distinct publication, the Volumes for 1818 and 1819 are sold separately.

Most of the Numbers are still in print, and we shall be happy to supply them to Subscribers wishing to complete their sets or volumes: and any one not preserving the work would oblige us much by reselling to our publisher Nos. 1, 6, 23, 81, 82, 33, 35, 36, 40, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60 to 68 both inclusive, and 78.

The last half year's Gazettes contain Reviews, with copious extracts; of above one hundred of the most important new Publications, and a like proportion of such literary, scientific, and miscellaneous matter, as appears in this Number.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,  
(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening.

(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

THE Exhibition of MONSIEUR JERRI-CAULT'S GREAT PICTURE, (from the Louvre) 24 feet by 18, representing the surviving Crew of the Medusa French Frigate, after remaining Thirteen days on a Raft without Provision, at the moment they discover the vessel that saves them, is now open to the Public, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Admission 1s.

Hogarth.

THE Subscribers to the new Edition of the Original WORKS of HOGARTH, are respectfully reminded, that, in conformity with the Prospectus, the first Number will, on September 1, be advanced in Price to 14. 6s.; and, in like manner, each successive number after the interval of six months from the date of its publication respectively. The fifth Number, just published, contains the following Plates:—1. Examination of Bamberge, by the House of Commons. 2. Morning. 3. Second Stage of Cruelty. 4. Sarah Malcolm, and two Prints of Boys peeping at Nature. 5. The Laughing Audience; and a Chorus of Singers. London: Published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

\*\*\* Portfolios capable of containing the entire Set, are prepared at 16s. each.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia, Last Part.

Vol. 32, Part 3, being the concluding Part of THE NEW CYCLOPEDIA; or, Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature. By ABRAHAM REES, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. Editor of the last Edition of Mr. Chambers's Dictionary; with the assistance of eminent Professional Gentlemen. Printed for Longman and Co., and the other Proprietors. The Subscribers to this Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately, as some of the Parts are scarce, and will shortly be entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot engage, and it will be entirely out of their power, to complete them.

Vol. 6, in 8vo. with coloured Plates, price 12s. boards, MEDICAL TRANSACTIONS, published by the College of Physicians in London. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, Vols. 1. to 5 of the above Work, price 2l. 8s. boards.

PHARMACOPŒIA COLLEGII REGALI, MEDICORUM LONDINENSIS, 1819, in 8vo. 7s. 6ds.

Dr. POWELL'S TRANSLATION of the PHARMACOPŒIA, in 8vo. 12s. boards.

Col. Wilks' History of Mysoor.

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